



**LOUISVILLE JOURNAL**  
PAINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
PRENTICE, HENDERSON, & OSBORN,  
Green Street, between Third and Fourth.

Geo. D. PRENTICE,  
Paul R. SHIPMAN, Editors.

**UNION STATE CONVENTION.**

The majority of the Central Committee opposed the Union Convention of the State of Kentucky, then held at Louisville on the 18th March, 1863, consider it their duty and right to call another Convention:—

Whereas it is resolved that the voters of our State who are in sympathy with the platform adopted by the Union Democratic Convention held in the city of Louisville on the 18th March last, and who desire to carry it out, be convened in a Convention to be held in the said city on the 23rd of May next, for the purpose of forming a new State, and to be known and called the "Union Conservative National Convention which meets in the city of Cincinnati on the 4th of July next."

JOHN W. PRENTICE, Chairman.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE,

R. KNIGHT,

GEORGE P. DOERN,

HAMILTON FOYE.

TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1864.

Washington is white in snow!  
But, while the wintering game  
Are you?—I am in the same,  
As you, I am (white like you).  
Crisp'd is the emerald light,  
Murmur's sweet things to you.  
Then it will be a day or through,  
When I will be a day or through.  
Found within a mother's heart,  
Maiden Marian, born in May,  
I'll not grieve you more or less,  
With a smile or a tear or mirth,  
Or while—sighed by me, alone,  
Hold his clasped blaster's book  
I will trust when May is here  
To bring me more or less,  
With another half year sweet,  
Make the light of a lamp come;  
We'll be two in a house, a bower,  
And of course we'll have a bower,  
All the years long that day.  
Shall be born and die in May!"

In view of the fact that nearly all blank verse now written reminds you either of Wordsworth, Milton, Shakespeare, or Tennyson, we cannot too much commend the idiosyncratic character of "Leaves at my Window," which we would gladly quote entire. "The Burnt Organ," "The Golden Hand," and "Monks" are notable poems. "The First" is a good poem. "The Last Friend" is a poem of domestic fidelity that make us almost envy the happiness suggested by their warmth. What can be sweeter than this?

"Let the Last Five Fams call,

The gaily-shaded shadow cast,  
The robes which the earth bears;  
The robes which we wear;  
And how the little leaves whisper  
Transferring the Earth!"

Among the poems in this volume, one of the best is that referring to the bust of Secretary Chase, and dated January, 1859.

We now come to the twenty-two poems of Mrs. Platt. Here we find all the freshness of thought that we have seen in Mr. Pratt, but, for our part, we must confess that we like her style more than his. On the whole, however, her poems are more conventional, if we may apply that word to productions that by themselves alone would never suggest it. We do not know a more beautiful invocation than the modest two which conclude her portion:

"TO THE WORLD.

Such words! if you will hear me now:

I may sound a sounding Lyre;

And when the world is still, my song,

Lies like a great river in the sea.

But time, it is a star,

In winter quiet, with a few

And keep my lame eye in my heart,

A little bluish rose wet with dew.

Mrs. Platt, with a great delicacy and tenderness in thought and expression, has often a full and noble use of language for corresponding themes and feelings: her words often move with a steady procession of grace and simplicity, which few women attain to in poetry. Among poems of this later description we may mention "A Night and Morning," "The Angel," "A Child in the Dark," "A Fresh Arrival," and the sublime summer entitled "A Year—MDCCCLX." The last mentioned contains such lines as follow, touching the Italian summer of 1850 and the first lund threatening of our glorious rebellion:

"Not a night nor a morn there is  
From the crushed bloom of the scuttles;

Not a morn nor a night when blood wastes in the sun;

Not a morn nor a night when the sun  
Gives his greatest gift to the earth.

Not a morn nor a night when the sun  
Is in the clouds above a young land,

With his eyes fixed on its declines,

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